

Udders the Viking skits

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The outlaw Rex Foley skits

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Kevin Lee

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Udders the Viking skits

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Udders the Viking Skit #1

My short comings, and my long goings

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Udders the Viking
Oaf Longbeard
Harold the Hairytone
Boney Thinbroth

Props

Viking costumes.
2 x chairs

(Boney is sitting on a chair, when Oaf walks in).

Bon. "Morning Oaf."

Oaf. "Where's Udders?"

Bon. "In his tent."

Oaf. "He's always in his tent."

Bon. "He's writing a book."

Oaf. "A book?...What about?"

Bon. "Ask him yourself."

Oaf. "Hey Skipper, can I come in?"

Udd. "Yeah."

Oaf. "Boney said you're writing a Book?"

Udd. "Yeah, I am."

Oaf. "What's it about?"

Udd. "About our Adventures."

Oaf. "Cool...What's it called?"

Udd. "Udders the Viking;...My Short Comings and my Long Goings Whilst Plundering the Coast of Briton."

Oaf. "Cool....Do the crew get a copy?"

Udd. "Yes...One each."

Oaf. "Cool."

Udd. "For two coins."

Oaf. "Two coins?...We have to pay for it?"

Udd. "Yeah."

Oaf. "I've never paid for anything in my life?"

Udd. "I have to pay the Monks to copy it."

Oaf. "You're going to pay them?"

Udd. "No...But I'll tell them I will."

Oaf. "Cool."

Udd. "It's got your name in it!"

Oaf. "Does it?...What does it say?"

Udd. "Read the book."

Oaf. "You didn't mention that time...You know?"

Udd. "Read the book."

(Harold comes on).

Har. (To Boney, gruffly). "Where's Udders?"

Bon. "In his tent."

Har. "He's always in his tent.....Without a Woman.....Something's wrong with him..."

Bon. "He's writing a Book."

Har. "A Book...What a Woman...Udders?"

Udd. "Come in Harold."

Oaf. "Morning Harold!"

Har. (Looks at Oaf and grunts).

Oaf. "Udders is writing a Book."

Har. "Books are only good for two things...Starting fires...And you-know-what?"

Udd. "That's why you've spent your whole life behind an oar, Harold."

Har. "What?...What's the thing called?"

Oaf. "His Short comings, and His Long goings...When he was...Um...Raiding the Britons."

Har. "It'll take a whole Book, just to write that down."

Oaf. "It's got your name in it."

Har. "My name?...What does it say?"

Udd. "Buy the book for two coins, then you can find out for yourself... And you can start fires with it afterwards."

Har. "Two coins?...I can buy a whole barrel of Mead for two coins?"

Oaf. "It must be a good Book then!"

Har. "Books are only good for two things!"

Udd. "If I was as stupid as you, I'd say that too."

Har. "What!"

Udd. "You heard me!...You're only good for two things...Drinking Mead...And pulling an oar...And not even good for that sometimes."

Har. "I ought to knock your head off!"

Udd. "You're welcome to try...And you'll find out why I'm Skipper, and you're pulling an oar."

Har. (Grunts).

Udd. "Go down to the Grog tent and have a Horn of Mead on me."

Har. "Smartest thing I've heard all day!" (He leaves).

Oaf. "So, what did you say about me Skipper?...You didn't mention that time did you?"

Udd. "Buy the Book, and find out."

Oaf. "What about a hint?"

Udd. "For a coin."

Oaf. "A coin?"

Udd. "Pay for Harold's Mead, and a round for us...And I'll give you a hint."

Oaf. "A hint?...Okay...And tell me what you wrote about Harold?"

Udd. "For a coin."

Oaf. "A coin?...What about a Mead?"

Udd. "Buy the first round, and we'll talk about it..."

Oaf. "Cool!...Come on...And what about Boney?"

Udd. "Another coin."

Oaf. "Cool!"

(They leave).

End.

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Udders the Viking Skit #2

Squatters Rights

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Udders the Viking
Oaf Longbeard
Harold the Hairymon
Boney Thinbroth

Props

Viking Costumes
Stools x 2

(Boney and Udders are standing, looking into the distance, and talking).

Udd. "This is a barren isle...Hardly fit for man or beast..."

Bon. "Certainly is...We haven't sighted a single animal yet Skipper."

Udd. "We'll have to send a fishing party out."

Bon. "Yea...That's a good idea."

Udd. "What about fruit and berries?"

Bon. "Oaf has been testing them...Here he comes now."

Oaf. (Walks on). "Skipper!"

Udd. "I hope it's good news?"

Oaf. "Well...?"

Udd. "How's the fruit and berry situation?"

Oaf. "Ah...Not good...Not good...Hamish tried the red ones yesterday..."

Udd. "And...?"

Oaf. "And he's been squatting behind that tree ever since....He'll be a shadow of his former self when it's over...I think we'd best not eat them!"

Bon. "That can't be fun..."

Udd. "Nope!...And what about those little black ones we saw everywhere?"

Oaf. "A slave girl tried them..."

Bon. "And...?"

Oaf. "A couple of the boys are away burying her just now...I think we'd best give them a miss too."

Udd. "Is that all of them?"

Oaf. "No...There's more types...It's just...we need more volunteers..."

Bon. "Skipper!" (Motions to the distance).

Udd. "Here comes one now."

Har. (Walks on). "Skipper...There's no mead anywhere?"

Udd. "Did you expect to find some?"

Har. "Can't have civilization without mead..."

Udd. "Have you found any civilization here?"

Har. "No...Because there's no mead..."

Udd. "That's logical...isn't it?"

Har. "So...What do we do now?"

Udd. "We'll send a crew seal hunting to the north...But I want you to help me..."

Har. "How?"

Udd. "You can be a guinea-pig..."

Har. "A guinea-pig....What's a guinea-pig?"

Udd. "It's someone who gets to taste everything first...To see how good it is..."

Har. "Any fool could do that..."

Udd. "That's what I thought too...They get to taste the mead first as well..."

Har. "Mead?...Well...What are we waiting for?"

Udd. "Good...You go with Oaf..."

(Oaf and Harold walk away, talking).

Har. "Who's that squatting behind the tree over there?"

Oaf. "Hmm...Can't tell from here...?"

Har. "It's Hamish...I wonder what's he doing?"

Oaf. "What do you think?"

Har. "Oh....Of course...And where are we going?"

Oaf. "Are you hungry?"

Har. "Hungry?...I'm starving!"

Oaf. "That's good...Follow me then."

(They walk off).

Udd. "Well...I hope they do better...Or we'll have to eat our boots..."

Bon. "Or rocks?"

(Oaf returns alone).

Bon. "Where's Harold?"

Oaf. "On his knees behind a tree..."

Udd. "Oh...No!"

Oaf. "Oh, yes...And he's cursing you...Says you did it on purpose!"

Udd. (Shakes his head). "He's a clown..."

Oaf. "I took the liberty of taking his sword off him...And hiding it.."

Udd. "Good man."

Oaf. "Those were the orange berries...I think we'd best not eat too many of them either..."

Udd. "Yes...We'd best not."

Bon. "Skipper...There's another volunteer....Scarecrow...!"

Oaf. "You better come with me...And encourage him a little!"

Udd. "Sure..." (Yells). "Scarecrow....I've got a little favour to ask of you...Are you hungry?"

(Udders, Boney, and Oaf walk off together).

End.

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The outlaw Rex Foley skit #1

An honest day's work

Kevin Lee

Performers x 6 (Could use less?).

Outlaw Rex Foley
Bartender
Cowboy 1
Cowboy 2
Cowboy 3
Cowboy 4

Props

Tables/Chairs/
Glasses etc

(Three Cowboys are sitting at a table, drinking with a Bartender standing at the Bar, when another cowboy enters).

Cow 1. (Urgently). "Hey Fellas...The Roughest...Toughest...Gun-Slinginest...Sombrero...Wearinest Outlaw in the whole Wild West is coming this way!"

Cow 2. "You mean...Outlaw Rex Foley?"

Cow 1. "Yep...The Roughest...Toughest...Gun-Slinginest... Sombrero-Wearinest Outlaw in the whole Wild West..."

Cow 3. "What do we do?"

Bar. "Just pretend you don't see him...And he might not kill anyone."

Cow 4. "Alright fellas...We're just having a sociable drink...nothing out of the ordinary..."

Cow 1. (Looks out the door). "Here he comes!" (Quickly sits down, and all sit still, looking into their glasses).

Rex. (Enters, and looks around, then bangs his fist on a table). "What sort of welcome is this for an Outlaw?"

Bar. "Hello Mister Foley Sir!"

Cow 1. "Good to see you Mister Foley, Sir!"

Cow 3. (Doffs his hat). "To you, Mister Foley..."

Cow 2. "Are you the Roughest...Toughest...Gun-Slinginest Outlaw, name of Outlaw Rex Foley?"

Rex. "Sure am...But you can call me by my first name...Outlaw..."

Cow 2. Yes Sir, Mister Outlaw..."

Bar. "Can I get you a drink of water Mister Outlaw?"

Rex. "Water?...Water's for horses...I want whiskey..."

Bar. "I...I...mean whiskey.." (Takes a bottle, and begins to pour into a glass). "How...How much do you want?"

Rex. (Swipes the bottle out of his hand). "That much..."

Bar. "Anything else Sir?"

Rex. "Yes." (Grabs another bottle in the other hand). "And this one."

Bar. "Yes Sir...That's two dollars apiece...Makes four dollars..."

Rex. (Looks at cowboy 2). "He's paying for it."

Bar. "Are you?"

Cow 2. "Ummm..."

Rex. "Yes, you are."

Cow 2. "Yes, I am..."

Rex. "In fact...I should own this place?"

Bar. "I'll sell it to you..."

Rex. "I got a better idea.."

Bar. "What's that?"

Rex. "You give it to me...?"

Bar. "Give it?...Over my dead body...!"

Rex. "I can arrange that..."

Bar. "No...You're right...You drive a hard bargain...But yes Sir...Yes...It's yours..."

Rex. "Mighty generous of you, pardner..."

Bar. "So, who's Bartender now?"

Rex. "You are..."

Bar. "Am I working for you Mister Foley?"

Rex. "Yep!"

Bar. "Alright...So, what do I get if I do it?"

Rex. "Do you want to know what you get if you don't?"

Bar. "No, that won't be necessary..."

Rex. "Good...We're under New Management boys...So that calls for drinks all round!"

Cow 4. "Yeah!"

Rex. "Give 'em a bottle each!"

Bar. "Yes Sir." (Gives a bottle to each of the Cowboys).

Cow 2. "That's mighty generous of you, Mister Outlaw!"

Cow 1 and 3. "Yeah, thanks Mister Outlaw!"

Rex. "That'll be four dollars a bottle, thanks boys..."

Cow 2. "Four dollars?...But it was only two before?"

Rex. "Before it changed hands...Price has gone up now..."

Cow 2. "Can I put it on the slate?"

Rex. "What slate?...We ain't got no slate now!"

Cow 2. "Can I just have a half then?"

Rex. "Course you can!...Four dollars..."

Cow 2. "Four dollars for half?...Then I'll have a whole one..."

Rex. "Sure...Eight dollars..."

Cow 2. "Eight dollars for a bottle now?"

Rex. "Yes...Price just went up again...You shouldn't be so greedy..."

Cow 2. "I haven't got eight dollars..."

Rex. "Are those Levi's jeans?"

Cow 2. (Looks down at his jeans). "No Sir...They're mine..."

Rex. "Are you being smart to me?"

Cow 2. "No Sir, they're mine...I paid ten dollars for them..."

Rex. "They're mine now...Take them off, and we're even..."

Cow 2. (Takes jeans off, and gives them to Rex). "Alright."

Rex. (To Cowboy 4). "That'll be four bucks for the whiskey..."

Cow 4. "But, I thought it was on the house?"

Rex. "You thought wrong...Only Outlaws get things for free...Now cough up..."

Cow 4. "I haven't got it..."

Rex. "What are you lot doing in my Saloon, if you can't pay for your drinks?"

Cow 4. "We uses the slate...."

Bar. "We like to keep our customers satisfied Sir!"

Rex. "Satisfied?...If I wanted satisfied customers, I'd run a Whorehouse...Not a Saloon."

Bar. "Yes, Mister Foley!"

Rex. (To Cow 3). "Alright then...Your friend here's going to pay for you...That'll be eight dollars each please..."

Cow 3. "I ain't paying for his whiskey..."

Rex. "It's my Saloon now...And I make the rules...So, yes you are...Now cough up...Sixteen dollars..."

Cow 3. "Sixteen dollars...." (Hands the money to Rex).

Rex. "Thankyou...You're a gentleman..."

Cow 1. (Hands over eight dollars).

Rex. "A pleasure doing business with you boys...And while I'm in a generous mood...Does anyone want a room for the night?"

Cow 2. "No thanks..."

Cow 1,3,4, "No thanks Mister Outlaw..."

Rex. "Were you listening to me?" (Bangs his fist on the table, and yells). "Does anyone want a room for the night?"

Cow 1. "I do!"

Cow 3. "I need one!"

Cow 4. "Yes, I do too."

Cow 2. "And me!"

Rex. "That's better....How much are the rooms?"

Bar. "Two dollars apiece."

Rex. "Two dollars?...Are you trying to rob me?...They're five dollars now."

Bar. "Yes Sir, Mister Outlaw!"

Rex. (To Cowboy 4). "A fiver...Cough it up..."

Cow 4. "I haven't got a fiver...?"

Rex. "This isn't an Orphanage...Is that your pony outside?"

Cow 4. "Yes, Mister Outlaw..."

Rex. "What's it worth?"

Cow 4. "I paid twenty for it..."

Rex. "Twenty dollars?...Out East maybe...But this is the West...You take what you get out here...I'll give you ten..."

Cow 4. "Ten?...Can I have a bottle of whisky with the other five?"

Rex. "Half a bottle...Price has gone up...It's ten dollars a bottle now..."

Cow 4. "Ten dollars?"

Rex. "Yes!...Oh...Forgive me?...I'm not being a very good host, am I?...You boys must be hungry too...Who wants a meal?"

Cow 1. "I'm not hungry..."

Cow 2. "Nah...me either..."

Rex. (Bangs his fist on the table). "I'm not going to repeat myself!"

Cow 1. "I'm starving!"

Cow 2. "I could eat a horse..."

Cow 3 and 4. "Me too!"

Rex. "I thought so..." (To Bartender). "Are you the Cook?"

Bar. "No...I'm the Bartender!"

Rex. "I said...Are you the Cook?"

Bar. "Yes...I am...Sir."

Rex. "Good...What do you want boys?...You can have anything, long as it's burned steaks, and burned potatoes?"

Cow 1. "Perfect!"

Cow 2,3,4. "Yes good."

Rex. "Thought so!...So, how have I done?" (Empties his pockets). "Hmmm...One pony and saddle...One pair of Levis...And sixteen, eighteen, twenty four, twenty eight, thirty six...Forty-seven dollars cash....Hmmm...That's better than robbing the Stagecoach...Who said having an honest job doesn't pay?...Bartender?"

Bar. "Yes, Mister Outlaw?"

Rex. "Another round for our guests please?"

Bar. "Yes Sir!"

Rex. "I never thought I'd say it...But I like doing an honest day's work...I think I'll give up thieving and robbery, and be a Saloon keeper....How's the whiskey boys?"

Cow 4. "Yes, great Mister Outlaw."

Cow 2. "Never been better!"

Cow 1, and 3. "No complaints!"

Rex. "That's what a like to hear!...I mean what can be better at the end of a day, than having satisfied customers like these?" (Turns and walks off).

End.

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The Outlaw Rex Foley Skit #2

Happy hour

Kevin Lee

Performers x 4

Outlaw Rex Foley
Bartender
Gringo
Johansen

Props

Tables/chairs/glasses

(Bartender is standing behind the Bar when Gringo enters).

Gri. (Walks in the saloon, and up to the Bartender at the Bar).

Bar. "What'll it be stranger?"

Gri. "I got a thirst that would soak up the Mississippi an' be lookin' at the Colorado to finish it...Gimme a bottle of whisky..."

Bar. "Sounds like you needs a barrel...not a bottle?"

Gri. "Yep...but I can't pour from a barrel...gimme a bottle for now...and a glass..."

Bar. "There...that's four dollars...Whadda they call you, pardner?"

Gri. "Friends call me Gringo...others don't get to call me anything...What time's Happy Hour around here?"

Bar. "Happy Hour?...Ain't no Happy Hour here!"

Gri. "What?...No Happy Hour?"

Bar. "Nope...but we have Regulars...and Irregulars..."

Gri. "Regulars and Irregulars?...Ain't never heard of them hombres before?...So what are the perks for being a Regular?"

Bar. "Ahh...You pay five dollars a day...whether you drink anything...or not..."

Gri. "Five dollars!...So, you must get cheaper drinks than Irregulars then?"

Bar. "Nope!"

Gri. "Do you get *any* perks then?"

Bar. "You gets a free glass of whisky...every time Mr Foley has a birthday..."

Gri. "Every time?...How often does he have a birthday?"

Bar. "Once a year..."

Gri. "Why be a Regular then?"

Bar. "Mr Foley puts y'r name on the board...and y'r a regular..."

Gri. "And?"

Bar. "And...That's it...y'r a Regular..."

Gri. "What if you tell him you don't want to be a Regular?"

Bar. "He'll shoot you!"

Gri. "What if you rub y'r name off the board?"

Bar. "He'll shoot you!"

Gri. "What if you lit out fer old Mexico...and hide?"

Bar. "He'll track you down...and shoot you!"

Gri. "So...what will happen if I pulls my gun and shoots him first?"

Bar. "You'll wake up...and find out it was just a dream!"

Gri. "So how do ya know if he's gonna put y'r name on the board?"

Bar. "He asks ya, how ya spells it..." (Looks out). "Here he comes...Pretend we wasn't talkin' 'bout him..."

Rex. (Walks in and looks at them both). "You two been talkin' 'bout me?"

Bar. "No Sir...Mr Foley!"

Gri. "Nah...Who are you?"

Rex. "I'm the pre-prieter of this here establishment...Come and have a drink with me stranger...and bring y'r bottle...and another glass!"

Gri. "Sure..." (Goes over to Rex, with his bottle). "Friend's calls me Gringo!"

Rex. "Friends?...So, what do I call you?" (Takes the bottle and pours himself a drink).

Gri. "Whadever ya wants to..."

Rex. (Drinks the glass). "That's *good* whisky!"

Gri. "How can you tell that's *good* whiskey?"

Rex. "Any whiskey you gets for *free* is good whiskey!" (Laughs).

Gri. "I was gonna ask you about that...When's Happy Hour?"

Rex. (Angrily). "Happy Hour?...I just had it!..." (Laughs). "You want something for free?...you go out to that-there horse trough...and help y'r self..."

Gri. "Nah...I was thinkin' about *good* whiskey..."

Rex. (Looks at Gringo). "I already told you it was *good*...so just take my word for it... and you go buy another bottle at the bar...if you wants more!"

Gri. "Nah...Got the herd down near the river...and I gotta get back there before dark... so I need to get going...Was a pleasure to meet ya..."

Rex. "How do you spell y'r name stranger?"

Gri. "I don't spell it...I can't read nor write..."

Rex. (Looks at Bartender, who looks away). "I just might come visit...and bring a bottle of whiskey to share..."

Gri. "That'll be right generous of you Mr Foley."

Rex. "Generous of you...You'll have to pay me four dollars for our bottle...I'll see ya down there..."

Gri. (Walks out).

Rex. (Looks at Bartender). "Haven't you got glasses to wash, or something?...Nah...on second thoughts...have a drink with me..."

Bar. "That's mighty generous of you, Mr Foley!"

Rex. "Two dollars for the drink...put it in the till...and put another two in for mine, while y'r at it..."

Joh. (Walks in).

Rex. "Hello stranger...Come on in...What do yr friend's call ya?"

Joh. "Friends calls me...Johansen..."

Rex. "Jo...handsen?...That's a mighty long name...Tell me how you spells it friend?"

End.

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